

THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship, Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 34.

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A GYPSY MOTHER'S SONG.

"O, sweetheart mine, the day is breaking,
The rising sun shines o'er the lea."
All nature's smiles, the birds are waking,
They soon will call my love, for thee.

The little lambs have left their mother,
They're gamboling gaily o'er the lea,
They call for thee, they want no other,
"Ba-ba, oh baby, where is she?"

Then open thy glorious eyes, my baby
And turn thy sleepy look on me—
All nature waits, is sighing, maybe,
My little Gypsy Queen for thee.

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VOLUME III.

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NUMBER 19.



these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

It never rains roses: If you want to have more roses you must plant more trees.

—GEORGE ELIOT.

Pry open the padlock and steal your neighbor's horse rather than break into the sacred coffers wherein he has deposited his cheerfulness and courage. Steal, if you will, the bread from his children's mouths, but do not dim the light that shines in their souls by dampening their enthusiasm, chilling their confidence and blighting their plans.

Our readers will remember that Lady Aberdeen some years ago brought out the "Faith That Makes Faithful" in an English two-volume edition, making two little books, putting Mr. Gannett's sermons by themselves and Mr. Jones' by themselves. A correspondent now informs us that these little halves are brought out in a penny edition. May they speed far on this more buoyant wing!

Beneath all the "issues" of the coming presidential campaign there is this satisfaction that probably the vote of the United States will, for the first time in many years, be divided essentially on a living issue and a real problem. It will not be primarily Republican vs. Democrat nor even Protection vs. Free Trade, but it will be monometallism vs. bimetallism, a coin standard for the world or a coin standard for the United States. In the largest interpretation does it not come to this, will the United States try to fit itself into the currency that is international, or will it undertake to establish a currency of its own, hoping to compel other nations to respect it?

It matters not how many good intentions, kind impulses and generous faculties we may possess, if there is not force back of them to make life persistent, to carry the will over the critical point; our natures sink

instead of rising; competent men miss success; generous natures are wanting in character; loving hearts without love, and upon reflection we can but admit that all this is just. In morals, as in physics, the test of the chain must be the power of the weakest link. In all the affairs of life lack of thought is lack of character. Foolishness, like weakness, is a crime that brings its reward. Indeed, all weakness is foolishness revealing itself in roundabout ways. Was not Carlyle right when he said that "every knave is a roundabout fool?" Yet are there not chances in the mischances of this world and hopes for the hopeless? The foolish virgins may win a lesson out of their shame, which the wise virgins are in danger of missing in their joy and their triumph.

In these days of commencement orations, especially to one who has been grieved and offended while listening to the fulsome advice to graduates not to be contented with a common-place life, but to strive for originality and pre-eminence, it is comforting and refreshing to read of such a life as that of Alexander Macmillan, the publisher who died recently in London. To him life meant not pre-eminence, but a quiet, persistent doing of one's duty in the place wherein he found himself. "I never had the least ambition to rise in the world, as it is called," writes Mr. Macmillan. "I think that is the bane of life and action. Do the work that is given you—that seems to me to be the real life. Never mind whether you rise or not. It makes my heart ache when young fellows call on me, asking for situations and for work of higher kinds than they have. I count it a privilege to help when I can, but ambitious youths who want to rise in the world, and not simply to do the little bit of work God gives them, are very hopeless." It is to be further said that it is by such self-forgetful devotion to the task in hand that the great ones have risen.

There is much spiritual suggestiveness in this rainy summer. The water of earth suggests the water of life. Through the granite cells of our distrust and hatred there percolates the drops of infinite love. From this water of life comes the dew that keeps green what otherwise would be the sterile hill-slope and the parched meadow of our domestic and international life. Love goes coursing in great currents everywhere. It fills the smallest chambers of the spiritual universe. Withdraw it anywhere and life shrinks; exhaust it anywhere and life becomes impossible. No two springs reach the ocean by exactly the same route. When they arrive they do not surface the same way. The favorite springs of earth are known by many names: "Excelsior," "Hawthorne," "Kisingen," "Bethesda," but the parched invalid cares little for names. His prayer is for health, his cry is for water. So it is with the wells that flow the healing waters of the spirit. Men label them "Mohammedan,"

"Pagan," "Jewish," "Christian." Each has its partisans and defenders, but to the sin-stained and heart-faint pilgrim it is not a question of names, but of water. The divine fountains flow for the healing of the nations from many a mountain side and through many a valley.

Lyman Trumbull.

Last week there died in Chicago one of the higher heroes of the war. The great sage of Illinois. "There were giants in those days," and Judge Trumbull was "one of the noblest Romans of them all." He stood by Abraham Lincoln in his darkest hours and, what honor! he drew up and introduced the amendment to the constitution represented by the thirteenth article, which made binding and lasting the high proclamation. These are the words: "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist in the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction." After the war he was noble enough to stand by his conviction, to break not once, but many times, with his party and his friends. He missed the presidency by such manliness, but he has gone to his grave in the glory of a manhood that, to the end, was pushing forward, reaching after new truths and fresh solutions of old perplexities. We can think of but two of the great old guard now left and they are Senator Doolittle of Wisconsin and George W. Julian of Indiana. In religion, as in politics, Judge Trumbull was a liberal. Many will remember the thrill that went through the first meeting of the Liberal Congress in Sinai Temple when Judge Trumbull was led to the platform, and during the session he spoke his word of greeting and encouragement.

We cannot do better than to let our associate, Dr. Thomas, close this editorial tribute with the words he so fitly spoke beside the coffin of his friend and parishioner:

Somewhere upon the earth the sun is always rising, always setting. Somewhere every hour is morning; somewhere every hour is evening. So in this strange scene of human life every hour through morning gates, from "the everywhere into the here," the little children are coming in. Every hour through the evening gates the aged are going out. The one is the scene of welcome, of gladness; the other of parting, of farewell and of tears. Childhood makes man tender. Old age makes him thoughtful. Between the coming and the going are his years of learning, of being and of doing. With this order of nature man should seek to be in glad accord. Of its wisdom, of its beneficence there should be no question. When one has passed through the appointed years of earth, when the work of life has been well done, there may be less sorrow, but there can be few if any regrets when the end comes and the weary one is at rest. Such is the scene here to-day. A long life has been well, nobly lived. An earthly existence has come to a peaceful end. We have come to honor in death one whom our country and our city honored in life.

Chicago has had many great and good lives—clergymen, lawyers, physicians, scholars, business men, statesmen, of whom it has been justly proud. But of all these Lyman Trumbull, the last to go away, was the greatest. Our country, young in years, is rich in the memories of the great and the good. Our country, our city, did not wait for the angel of death to write this name high upon the roll of

honor. It was placed there in life, written not alone in words, but in deeds.

Judge Trumbull was the Gladstone of America. From 1848 to 1853 he was judge of the supreme court of Illinois. He was fifteen years United States senator and was twelve years chairman of the judiciary committee of the senate. That highest legislative body in our country was then composed largely of statesmen—not politicians, partisans or men sent by the power of corporations and trusts in the interest of special legislation, but men chosen by the people. Among the associates of Judge Trumbull were such men as Conkling of New York, Thurman of Ohio, Hendricks of Indiana, Johnson of Maryland, Harlan of Iowa and Edmunds of Vermont. Judge Trumbull was the close associate of Lincoln, Seward and Sumner. He was by common consent the ablest constitutional lawyer in the senate.

The child of a strong, excellent ancestry, Judge Trumbull was blessed with a strong body and a strong mind, and an honest, noble heart. Such an inheritance explains the possible becoming of such a life; and the life itself in its long and faithful service illustrates the noblest, the divinest uses of inherited possibilities.

Judge Trumbull in the truest, the highest and the best sense was an ideal American statesman. He understood and was in fullest sympathy with the genius of our democratic institutions. He felt that the government was for the people and not the people for the government. Hence he sought to serve the people, and not to use position and power to serve himself, or to benefit the few at the expense of the many.

A man thus grounded in intelligence and principles is incorruptible. And such a man was Judge Trumbull. Such a man will work with a party as long as that party works for the people, and this Judge Trumbull did. But if a party prove unfaithful to its principles and the public good, and seek to become an end in itself, and to use the public good for that end, then such a man will revolt. And this Judge Trumbull did. When the Democratic party repealed the Missouri compromise Judge Trumbull left that party. He could not favor the extension of slavery and hence went over and worked with the Republicans. When the Republican party attempted to impeach President Johnson, Senator Trumbull was one of the seven who opposed that most radical measure; and not being able to approve the policy of his party, he could not support General Grant in 1872.

During the years of the rebellion Judge Trumbull sought through the most effective legislation to strengthen the cause of the union. He favored the confiscation of rebel property, he supported the emancipation policy. He wrote the great words of liberty in the thirteenth amendment to the constitution. He worked on through the not less great years of the reconstruction period after the war. And now, when death has closed the earthly record of this noble life, all parties and peoples of this land mourn the loss of one so great and good, and the country unites in honoring the sincerity, the courage, the fortitude of a great and self-forgetting soul, whose every act was motivated in the eternal right.

This ideal American statesman and citizen came up from the people, was largely self-educated, served in the lower places on the way to the higher, and in each and through all never lost his interest in and his love for his fellow being in every condition of life. He loved man, loved humanity, and in the last twenty years of private life in our city has not dwelt apart from but has been a part of our people; has been a friend and neighbor and always ready to give counsel and help in every good cause. From his larger standpoints of observation Judge Trumbull has looked over the whole field. He has studied the tendency to centralization of wealth and power, and seen with deep concern the industrial slavery to which our country was moving. True to himself, to humanity, to God, he has lifted a warning voice, has counseled calmness and patience and pointed out the way of relief through legislation, restrictions on property bequests, corporations and trusts. He saw that the last great battle for the rights of man had

yet to be fought—the battle for industrial freedom from the encroaching power and dangers of the monopolies of wealth.

Judge Trumbull is the last but one of that noble company of statesmen called to the foreground of action by the great events of the war for the Union. Only Judge Doolittle is left, and it is suggestive, pathetic, that his voice should be hushed at a time when our country is face to face with the great problems of national and international progress; just in the crisis of a great world's transitional period, when the largest wisdom and experience are needed. The past has been largely ruled by force. We have come to a world crisis when reason and conscience must rule—when moral principles, justice, law, brotherhood must be enthroned or the last great battle for the rights of man, like those of the eighteenth century, will have to be fought out on fields of blood.

Judge Trumbull leaves an illustrious example for the young men of our time—an example, an ideal of the true statesman for those who would serve their country. His life has been singularly pure, beautiful, strong, noble. He could have had without asking the highest place of honor in the nation had he been more of a partisan and less a patriot, had he loved power more and principle less. He chose to be and do what he thought was true and right, and even if his judgment was at fault in some things his purpose was pure before the angels and God, and in the eternal world he has the reward of the just.

To his life, so true, so gentle, so loving and kind, there came great losses and sorrows. Of eight children only one son is living. He leaves a dear companion and six grandchildren. Having seen almost all his generation pass away, having lived and labored more than four-score years, rest, sweet, peaceful rest, came at last. The People's Church had long been his religious home. Having lived in the love of man and God, love called him away to the life immortal; for we cannot think that a life so great and good can end with the years of time. Even the little ones, going away, leave the gates ajar, and when great minds go from earth the gates stand open wide, and through the darkness of death shines forth the life eternal, the life of earth caught up to heaven. Lincoln is not dead; Grant is not dead. Judge Trumbull lives with the immortals. O noble friend, jurist, statesman, patriot, friend of man, friend of God, friend of the toiling millions, may thy mantle rest upon thy country!

Moral Education.

It comes close in line with the legislative action of several states requiring common school education concerning the effect of alcohol, tobacco, and other intoxicants and narcotics that the French Academy of Medicine should decide as they recently have that alcohol is always a poison. After a discussion continued for several months they publish to the world the following conclusions: "The French Academy of Medicine believing that the rapid increase in the amount of intoxication due to the manufactured alcohols and the essences and liquors which they help to compose; and that the artificial bouquets, oils of wine, aldehydes, and all compositions intended for the artificial manufacture of wines and liquors cause a permanent danger to public health, and create both directly and by way of heredity impulsive and criminal insanity and physical and mental degeneration of the individual and of the race—that they constantly attack the very life and force of the country and greatly contribute to its depopulation and decadence. Believing further than it is urgently necessary in the interest of human and national honor to avert as far as possible this danger and the evil already rooted which it pro-

duces. Believing further that science has demonstrated that the most impure and poisonous alcohols can be converted into the purest and least poisonous alcohol, which is none the less always and fundamentally a poison; be it resolved, that the absolute rectification of all alcohol should be assured by law,—and that all products and compositions of artificial wines and liquors should be the objects of absolutely prohibitive legislation; and that these fundamental measures should be aided by others, such as the lessening of the opportunity and temptation, by limiting the number of licenses." M. Rochard adds: "Alcohol is always a poison, and the consumer who can afford to drink pure brandy may resist longer than the unfortunates who poison themselves in the saloons, but nevertheless he will succumb to alcoholism in a short time." M. Laborde showed by chemical analysis that cheap liquors were poisonous from the presence of chemical substance known as furfurol, which in doses of fifteen to thirty drops will kill dogs; but the best cognac was shown to contain even three times as much of the same deadly poison.

It is just this thoroughly scientific information from unquestioned authorities that we should have widely disseminated. A recent law of New York state undertakes to cover the ground by enacting that all the pupils in common schools shall be instructed as to the effects of narcotics and stimulants, including the milder ones, that are used as table drinks. Not only must the books be used; but teachers must come from the normal schools with certificates to show their preparation for giving such instruction as thoroughly as they teach arithmetic. That is, while some are disputing as to the possibility of teaching moral life apart from religion, legislation proposes a thorough evolution in the way of moral education. The source of all good, as the final source of all evil, is found in education. We must elevate our school training. Self-government, mastery over passions, a right will, and a strong will for right must be the end of school work. It is a curious and disagreeable fact that the New York law has found no opposition so bitter as that from high school authorities. This opposition is based on expense mainly. But just now we can afford to put one-tenth of the cost of supporting criminals into our schools, as a mere financial investment. There are those who believe that humanity has not yet reached beyond its primary stages.

But here is a point we must not overlook in our noblest efforts, that no school or law or change in the internal economy of our schools should be enacted without consultation with and indorsement by experts. The practical independence and free progress of school and state and church should be granted with equal frankness and liberality. The original human family differentiated into these three co-operative collateral developments. It is true that very much of the time the teaching function has been in the church; and so has legislation often been exercised by the church; and religion in turn has often dominated the state. But the absolute separation of church and state has come to be the accepted ideal of society, and the equal independence of the schools will, we

may be confident, be the next goal to be touched. The separation of church and school proved to be wholesome. Clerical control of common schools did not result in better character or a more honorable public spirit. While a few from sentimental grounds desire the Bible placed back in the schools, keener observers note that right education rightly applied is in itself the true moralizing force. Martin, in his history of the schools of Massachusetts, tells us that in the early part of the eighteenth century a report of the state examiner says: "The Greek catechism was regularly recited, Wollebin's system of divinity studied diligently, and the chapel sermon repeated before the president, yet we are compelled to lament the prevalence of stealing, lying, swearing, lock-picking, and the use of strong drink." This state of affairs is certainly not characteristic of our high schools to-day in any degree to warrant such a report. Our hope is rather in a wiser view of education—in the better comprehension of the individual, and in such an adjustment of studies as shall inform the pupil. President De Garmo defines Herbartianism, which is now the school ideal, as "the revelation of the possibility of making all the activities of the school-room bear directly on the development of moral character."

This brings us, however, not to the position that morals cannot be taught directly in our public schools; but to the belief that a free education moving forward on the line of natural evolution will work out such an adjustment of the whole curriculum as will create moral character. We need not have laws enforcing specific methods of education in morals any more than laws enforcing specific methods of teaching chemistry—nor do we believe that, in either case, such legislation should take place apart from the supervision, advice and consent of the ablest experts in the schools. All attempts outside of such lines to force the school curriculum will end in disaster.

E. P. P.

Very few readers of the New Testament probably ever stop to think how brief the biography of Christ is, and how much must have been omitted from the narrative. There must have been another history of the divine teacher written, not by the hands of His disciples, but in the hearts of those whom He had cheered and helped and healed by the way. There must have been a beautiful unwritten gospel passed from mouth to mouth for many generations, the light of which faded very slowly as the night of barbarism and wandering came on. For a personality like Christ's, filled with divine compassion and love, must have poured itself out into a thousand unseen rivulets as well as in the great channels so definitely marked in the New Testament story. There must have been thousands to whom He spoke words which were not recorded; there must have been multitudes whose lives were renewed by His power of whom no mention is made. As this was true of the divinest personality known to men, so it is also true of every human personality. The most searching and influential power that issues from any human life is that of which the person himself is largely unconscious. It flows from him in every form of occupation, in every relationship, in rest or in work, in silence or in speech, at home or abroad. There are hosts of men and women who are healers and teachers and helpers almost without consciousness of the fact. Light shines from them and help flows from them at times when they are utterly unconscious that the hem of the garment is being touched. The real test of the possession of the highest power of character and the most perfect devotion to the noblest things in life is not the quality of the direct touch; it is the presence of the virtue even in the hem of the garment.—*The Outlook*.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

Mignonette.

God gave to thee, O little flower,
No bright-hued robe, no stately mien,—
The careless eye from straggling weed
Scarce tells thy garb of green;

But in their stead in thy wee cup
He poured a perfume, sweet and rare,—
His incense-bearer, thou, who flings
A blessing on the air.

Heed thou, my soul, the thought of life
To which this modest flow'ret leads:
Make *thy* existence potent through
The fragrance of thy deeds.

ALTHEA A. OGDEN.

Brotherhood, According to Theosophy.*

The *common* use of this word is shallow and meaningless, compared with its *theosophical* use. We hear a great deal of late about brotherhood, and are exhorted by pulpit and press to treat all men as brothers; but we are not given any sufficient reason why this should be done. Theosophy explains this satisfactorily, and gives reasons, the potency of which cannot be doubted. It teaches that each individual represents simply one ray, or spark, from the divine source; that each one is literally a part of all others, in every respect. For instance, the atoms of our physical bodies are constantly changing; we cannot associate with another for five minutes without taking to ourselves parts of his body, and giving him parts of ours. We impress others with the thoughts we have, and are in turn impressed by their thoughts. The life principle that animates us, as physical beings, is universal, and is shared by us with everything that lives. The higher principles of mind and spirit are also universal, and we each have a share from the common supply. It is just as impossible for an individual to separate from the body of humanity, in thought and purpose, without suffering moral death, as it would be for one member of our bodies, such as an arm, or a foot, to separate from its associate members and not suffer physical death. We can no more say, in regard to any of the principles which constitute our make-up, "this is mine," than the arm can say, as the blood flows through it, "this is my blood." Thus we see that there is a closeness in the connection of each to all, which is but dimly expressed in the word "brother," and is very inadequately symbolized in the mere physical relationship between children of the same father and mother.

The brotherhood of man, as inculcated by Theosophy, is not merely a sentimental idea to be applied to our treatment of each other, although it includes that, for it is well known that we cannot possibly injure anyone without having that injury return to ourselves with accumulated force; but it is one of the permanent and unchangeable facts of nature, and exists regardless of our recognition thereof, or action in the matter.

A real understanding of the basis of this universal brotherhood makes it impossible for anyone to feel as many do, namely: I will wash my hands of others' evil, and by doing right myself be rid of any responsibility for those who persist in wrong, shutting myself off, as it were, from others. From the Theosophical standpoint we see that this

* We gladly give place to the above contribution. Here as elsewhere the affirmations of the writer are more satisfying than her negations. We object to the implications in the words "common," "shallow," "meaningless" and "sentimental" as applied to the use of the word "brotherhood" by those who may not have been taught of "Theosophy" the mystic union, interdependence and common relationship of all life. Surely "common" science, "common" ethics and "common" religion do teach all this most impressively. It is possible to push the argument of identity of substance into a selfishness that cares for our bigger selves that is lower than the altruism that loves to care and help *otherselves* rather than ourselves. *Editor.*

is not only wrong, but impossible; that our influence is, and has been, far-reaching; that we cannot "wash our hands" of other people, nor evade the responsibility that rests upon us as a part of the whole. All life is inseparably joined together, as is the melody of many instruments in an orchestra, or the different threads in one piece of cloth. There should be no feeling of apartness or separation, for this is the root of selfishness, which in turn prompts to all evil.

When we fully realize this close connection and sense, the fellowship existing between ourselves and all other life, we will then have the same feeling towards all that we now have toward ourselves, and will work as hard for the good and happiness of others as we do for our own. And this feeling of loving fellowship must include not only our human brothers, but those of the lower kingdoms, for man is in no condition to love his neighbor as himself, and he never will do so while he is capable of kicking a dog, overworking a horse, or killing innocent animals, just because it is customary to hunt, and he lacks the heart, or the intelligence, to rebel. "Thou shalt be in full accord with all that lives; let thy heart thrill in response to every sigh and thought of all that lives and breathes."

"Love holds the beating pulse of all that are,
And in her own heart feels each throb of pain;
Could love, then, count as her own personal gain
Aught that leaves one to suffer, near or far?"

No! this new-dawning Love herself shall see
In all that suffer, 'till at last on earth
The sweet twin children, Joy and Peace, have birth.
When Love and Work are wed, this fruit shall be.

Then set your faces toward the eastern gate,
Whence the light comes. Behold the Future's face!
What eyes of hope are hers, wherein to trace
Our goal! 'Leave all for Love,' and work and wait."

Alice Gertrude Herring.

Our Motto.*

(For the graduating class of the High School at Cedar Falls, Iowa, June, 1895.)

Tune—"Fading, Still Fading."

Slowly our footsteps once learned the art of walking,
Tongues that were wayward have gained the art of talking;
Reading and writing with labor were learned;
New vistas of lore ope with each vantage earned.
Let us now grow in grace that the spirit's power sends,
Souls' willing tribute Life to us lends.

Chorus.—Payment we promise, payment we promise,
Payment we promise for value we receive.

Shades of our ancestors, come to our tithing;
Measure the value of Time's cruel scything.

Blinded with light we come forth this day,
Our strength all unstrung and our courage at bay.
In the toil of the youth, in the trust of the maid,
Birthright and life-dues are valiantly paid.

Chorus.—Payment we promise, payment we promise,
Payment we promise for value we receive.
Amen.

Correspondence.

Evolutionists and Agnostics.

Mr. Powell, in THE NEW UNITY for April 23, says:

"Out-and-out evolutionists have for some time ceased to be agnostics. Of noted evolutionists I know not half a dozen that do not have a conviction of God and immortality."

I wish to ask Mr. Powell a few questions. Who are the "out-and-out" evolutionists? Those who hold that man as

well as the animals below him, and that the human mind as well as the human body, have come into existence by natural, evolutionary processes?

What meaning does Mr. Powell attach to the word agnostic? Is an agnostic one who does not believe in a Being who created the universe out of nothing, nor in a personal governor of the universe, or one who recognizes as the basis of all phenomena, mental and physical, an Ultimate Reality, but regards it as inscrutable, unpicturable, and unknowable? Is an agnostic one whose suspended judgment is in regard to the being of God, as the universal underlying cause of all phenomena, or one who merely declines to assume that he has knowledge or representative ideas of ultimate being of which matter and force are symbolical manifestations?

Of the out-and-out evolutionists now living who were agnostics, how many have "ceased to be agnostics?" Mr. Powell knows only half a dozen noted evolutionists who are without belief in God and immortality. How many more noted evolutionists without such belief did he know ten, twenty, thirty, forty years ago? Will he name more than six noted evolutionists known to be agnostics a quarter of a century ago? Will he please name the six noted evolutionists he now knows to be agnostics? Will he please name twelve of the most noted evolutionists now living?

These questions are not asked in any captious or even controversial spirit, but only to elicit from Mr. Powell a fuller statement on the subject.

AN AGNOSTIC EVOLUTIONIST.

The Expansion of Religion.*

I have a very tender feeling for pioneers. I should so much like to have Theodore Parker here for a few days just to help compensate him for the mean abuse he suffered when alive only half a century ago. Think how he of old Music Hall would like to sit in Trinity Church, in his own city of Boston, and hear a representative of accepted orthodoxy say, "I am glad to believe, and I do believe, that the idolater kneeling in blind hope or stupid terror at the feet of his hideous or fantastic idol, is as truly religious as the Romanist hushed and awed at the elevation of the Host, or as the liberal passionately moved by the splendid utterance of the great divine truth of the Fatherhood of God. I can imagine myself kneeling in a great temple of Buddha in Japan, or in the magnificent mosque of St. Sophie, by the side of the Buddhist or the Moslem, sure that my prayer and theirs reach the listening ear of the one Father which is in heaven and that God answers both. It has ever seemed to me a bit of logical folly to point to the universality of man's belief in Deity as proof that there is a God, and in the same breath declare that the god of the pagan and heathen is no God at all. To abruptly convince the heathen that his idol God is nothing is to do one's best to plunge him into atheism, not to lift him up into Christian theism." Really, it seemed a few weeks ago, when we read the judicious common sense of Dr. Harris, of Andover Theological Seminary, that the good days of theological peace had come. Now, as we read this book of Mr. Donald's, "The Expansion of Religion," it is impossible to believe the Christian church ever held any other view. Is it, we say to ourselves, possible that the professors of the noblest religion on earth have claimed to be exclusively possessed of religion. In some dream—it must have been a dream—we have heard about Mohammed as the False Prophet, and Buddha as deceived by the devil; of "three hundred millions of heathen pouring a tide of three millions annually into hell." Yes, it must have been a dream. The real Christian church holds no such doctrine. As Donald says, "Religion in the heart of man is everywhere the same in kind. The crude article is in Boston what it is in Ahmednagar." I will look back to the title-page. There must be some mistake

* A correspondent from Winchester, Mass., sends us the above song with this explanation: "Last year at this time you mentioned in THE NEW UNITY for June 20 that the graduating class of the high school at Cedar Falls, Iowa, took for their class motto the familiar phrase, *For value received I promise to pay*. This noble choice was the subject of much interest and no little consideration among certain members of the high school fraternity here. One was so impressed by the idea that she was moved to embody it in a pair of verses. She has consented to my sending them to you to be used as may seem desirable." EDITOR.

* The Expansion of Religion—Six lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute by E. Winchester Donald, Rector of Trinity Church in the city of Boston. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

here. This book must have come from All Souls Church in Chicago; or from the loving kindness of the gentle Simmons of Minneapolis; or perchance I have picked up one of Gannett's soul harmonies. Indeed, but it says no such thing. Only this: By E. Winchester Donald! Rector of Trinity Church in the city of Boston! Only on the next page. There is possibly the explanation. The book is dedicated "To one whose unconscious but powerful influence wrought with me in the making of this book." Is that one God, in whom we all live and move and have our being? Or is it some one so full of God that his unconscious life is peace, love and unity. I have said let us get rid of this name "Unity." I will say so no more. For assuredly the stars that seem to be so mightily independent do finally sing together in one eternal psalm; and souls *will* at last get over the hating and the conceits and live in the restored family of God. "There is one God over all and interpenetrating all." "In God we are all united."

E. P. POWELL.

In the Mountains.

These are Thine altars, Lord, these hills of Thine,
Whereon the sun lights sacrificial blaze
When night is done, and on the rocky ways
Dawn comes to make the earth a place divine.
Here is Thy vast, inviolable shrine,
Thy temple of innumerable days,
Fashioned and filled with glory's wide displays,
And girt about with majesty divine.
The peaks reach up toward heaven; all else recedes.
The woods bow down their heads in silent awe;
The birds choir out their anthems full of grace.
The heart of man Thy primal mandate reads,
For here Thou didst proclaim Thy graven law,
And here did Moses see Thee face to face.

—W. J. Henderson.

John Hardman.

John Hardman sought to save his soul,
And win the great celestial goal.

He prayed; the burden of each plea
Was, "Lord, have mercy upon me!"

He sought in the baptismal wave
And broken bread some power to save.

He sought an offering for sin,
That scot-free he might enter in,

And, sitting among saints in light,
Reflect upon the lost souls' plight,

Himself the object of such grace
As saves one from the woeful place.

John Hardman viewed the world as lost,
With remnants saved at awful cost;

Yet could he of the remnant be,
His soul would praise God tranquilly.

John Hardman died. In lonely space
He woke and wondered at the place.

For forms of seraphs floated by,
With depths of splendor for a sky.

He saw nor sun, nor moon, nor star,
Yet formless music came from far.

He knew a Presence all around,
Yet felt no hand and heard no sound.

He struggled to send forth a cry,
The sense of which was, "Where am I?"

No sound broke from him, yet he knew,
From far away an answer true.

Long, happy distances it crossed
And answered him: "In heaven, but lost."
—Rev. Dwight M. Hodge.

Now, take us, Father, to Thy breast,
And still our troubled thoughts to rest;
Thy watch and ward about us keep,
That tired souls may smile asleep,
And, having been with heaven a while,
May wake to-morrow in Thy smile!

—Gerald Massey.

The Home.

*Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things
in a religious way.*

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The one life only, that has promise, is the life that labors and loves.

MON.—Time has thefts more cruel than the rudest robberies of death.

TUES.—In the world of outward realities you may be betrayed, but not in the holy of holiest precincts of ideal truth.

WED.—To strive for perfection ever more and more is still the destiny of man.

THURS.—The goodness and the truth whose life is everlasting is alone the proper object of the would-be perfect love.

FRI.—Which is worst—to trust and be deceived, or never to trust at all?

SAT.—He that fears to find himself too much a part of Nature is not yet made perfect in the love of Universal Truth.

—E. M. Geldart.

Edelweiss.

"Auntie, who is that woman whose picture stands on your writing-desk, and why do you always have some Edelweiss with it?"

I had slipped into Auntie's cosy study, for I knew when twilight came she would lay down her pen and rest. She liked to have me with her then, and to me that seemed the loveliest part of the day. If I should tell you Auntie's name it would immediately bring to your mind some of the books that she has written and which you have read. Or perhaps you have heard of her and what she did among the poor and the wretched before ever she wrote any books.

This evening when I came in, she still sat at the writing-desk. Before her was the picture about which I had just asked, and she was taking from it the Edelweiss which looked a little dusty and old. Then from a package which she had received from Switzerland that day, she took some fresh ones. She tied them with a tiny bit of white silk ribbon, fastened them on a corner of the picture and then set it back in its accustomed place.

"Now, my dear," she said, turning to me with a smile, "sit down and I will tell you something about the flowers and the picture, and perhaps you will think it a fancy of mine that I put the two together."

"Edelweiss literally means *noble-white*, but I like better to translate it as *noble-purity*. Imagine once its home and its surroundings and then tell me if that is not a fit name for it. The sun gives it life far up in the Alps, in that pure atmosphere which is never tainted even by an atom. Near it are the ice palaces of the glaciers and the perpetual snow. Nothing that disturbs and agitates men below ever reaches its high realms. All around it is solitude, calmness and purity. If flowers can be said to have a language, Edelweiss always speaks of these to me and for that I love its star-like face. No valley flower has that charm to my fancy."

"Years ago when I was yet a young woman, not much older than you are now, I had to step out into the world to make my way through it. I was then a passionate creature, easily impressed by things and people and possessed by an intense ambition that often filled me with unrest and discontent. I persuaded myself that it was not for my own sake that I craved advancement, but rather for those that were dependent on me. But now, looking back to that time, it seems to me that I was really very selfish, and therefore often unhappy."

"At that period I learned to know the woman whose picture is before us. She was past youth then, but her face still seemed more beautiful to me than any other face I had ever known. Her whole personality had that charm to my mind which Edelweiss has, for like the latter, it also suggested to me nobility, purity and calmness. In a

dreamy way, sometimes, we connect abstract ideas and persons and things, and out of them we create a new sweet world of our own. In my thoughts, I generally called her my Good Angel, for that she proved to be to me, but sometimes I called her Edelweiss and by those names you may know her. Ardent and passionate as I was, I loved Edelweiss with my whole soul and with all the enthusiasm of which my nature was capable. Let the world smile at hero worshippers. The feeling of admiration is nevertheless a delicious one and one that helps us in the struggle upwards.

"Edelweiss was a teacher and unmarried. She never talked of her affairs or of herself, but somehow I felt that her life was a great self-sacrifice to the mother and the brothers to whom she was devoted. I always left her sweet presence more willing and more capable of giving my own self up to those with whom I was connected. Sometimes when I felt troubled and agitated, I went to my Good Angel, not to talk to her, but just to put myself under that spell which I felt emanating from her like a silent benediction. It seemed to me that I breathed the calm, pure air of Edelweiss and gradually the strife within was hushed.

"Edelweiss possessed a perfect culture, although she had mostly lived in her own native town with its commonplace people and surroundings. That was another proof to me that culture is not so much the result of those outward opportunities for which I craved, as of that power within the soul which works out its own perfection. It seemed an inspiration to have that assurance before my eyes in the person of my Good Angel. Oh, what would I not have done to be as good and sweet and noble as she was! She came to be a constant presence in my inner life. When at last the great temptation came to me of leaving the path of duty and self-denial for one that promised ease and happiness, it was the power of my beloved ideal over me that helped me conquer and to make what others chose to call a great sacrifice. You already know what has brought a great sorrow, but perhaps also blessings, into my life.

"Just once more I have seen Edelweiss in these many years since I left the town in which she lived. She was spending a part of her vacation in a quiet village on the lake where I was convalescing from the illness that I had contracted during my work in the squalid quarters of the city. My whole being was so thrilled with the joy of seeing her again, that I became almost feverish with excitement. But I pressed the calm, gentle hand against my forehead and I felt quieted as of old. My first book had just been published and was much talked about. I told her how she had been its inspiration as well as of the other things for which I was being praised. The smile of pleasure and gratitude which this confession called forth is one of the richest compensations that has come to me."

Auntie's eyes rested with a dreamy look on the picture and she was silent, while I, too, followed my own thoughts. I could not help but wonder if she would have been as noble and lovely if she had not been inspired by that inexpressible love and admiration for her ideal, to struggle for her own perfection. I marveled, too, at the power with which a noble life can influence another. Love, admiration and enthusiasm for whatever we conceive to be higher and better than ourselves,—these are the elements of all true religious feeling. It is they that bring us in touch with divinity.

LOUIS NYDEGGER.

She Considered the Lily.

At a teachers' convention in Detroit lately a lady, speaking about the influence of beautiful objects upon the character and conduct of young pupils, told a pretty story received by her from an eye-witness, and thus reported by the *News-Tribune*. The occurrence took place in New York.

"Into a school made up chiefly of children from the slums the teacher one day carried a beautiful calla lily. Of course the children gathered about the pure, waxy blossom in great delight.

"One of them was a little girl, a waif of the streets, who had no care bestowed upon her, as was evinced by the dirty, ragged condition she was always in. Not only was her clothing dreadfully soiled, but her face and hands seemed totally unacquainted with soap and water.

"As this little one drew near the lovely flower, she sud-

denly turned and ran away down the stairs and out of the building. In a few minutes she returned with her hands washed perfectly clean, and pushed her way up to the flower, where she stood and admired it with intense satisfaction.

"It would seem," continued Miss Coffin, "that when the child saw the lily in its white purity, she suddenly realized that she was not fit to come into its atmosphere, and the little thing fled away to make herself suitable for such companionship. Did not this have an elevating, refining effect on the child? Let us gather all the beauty we can into the school-room."

A Letter from a Girl to Her Own Old Age

Lete Vedrai

DANTE.

Listen, and when thy hand this paper presses,
O time-worn woman, think of her who blesses
What thy thin fingers touch, with her caresses.

O mother, for a weight of years do break thee!
O daughter, for slow time must yet awake thee,
And from the changes of my heart must make thee.

O fainting traveler, morn is gray in heaven.
Dost thou remember how the clouds were driven?
And are they calm about the fall of even?

Pause near the ending of thy long migration,
For this one sudden hour of desolation
Appeals to one hour of thy meditation.

Suffer, O silent one, that I remind thee
Of the great hills that storm the sky behind thee,
Of the wild winds of power that have resigned thee.

Know that the mournful plain where thou must wander,
Is but a grey and silent world, but ponder
The misty mountains of the morning yonder.

Listen; the mountain winds with rain were fretting,
And sudden gleams the mountain-tops besetting,
I cannot let thee fade to death, forgetting.

What part of this wild heart of mine I know not
Will follow with thee where the great winds blow not,
And where the young flowers of the mountain grow not.

Yet let my letter with thy lost thoughts in it
Tell what the way was when thou didst begin it,
And win with thee the goal when thou shalt win it.

Oh, in some hour of thine my thoughts shall guide thee.
Suddenly, though time, darkness, silence hide thee,
This wind from thy lost country flits beside thee;

Telling thee: all thy memories moved the maiden,
With thy regrets was morning over-shaden,
With sorrow thou hast left, her life was laden.

But wither shall my thoughts turn to pursue thee?
Life changes, and the years and days renew thee.
Oh, Nature brings my straying heart unto thee.

Her winds will join us with their constant kisses
Upon the evening as the morning tresses,
Her summers breathe the same unchanging blisses.

And we, so altered in our shifting phases,
Track one another 'mid the many mazes
By the eternal child-breath of the daisies

I have not writ this letter of divining
To make a glory of thy silent pining,
A triumph of thy mute and strange declining.

Only one youth, and the bright life was shrouded;
Only one morning, and the day was clouded.
And one old age with all regrets is crowded.

Oh, hush; oh, hush! Thy tears my words are steeping.
Oh, hush; hush, hush! So full the fount of weeping!
Poor eyes, so quickly moved, so near to sleeping!

Pardon the girl; such strange desires beset her.
Poor woman, lay aside the mournful letter
That breaks thy heart; the one that wrote, forget her.

The one that now thy faded features guesses,
With filial fingers thy grey hair caresses,
With morning tears thy mournful twilight blesses.

—Alice Meynell.

Books and Authors.

Social Rights and Duties.¹

The Stephen family is one of the best products of English culture. The brother of our essayist, Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, is recognized by lawyers and readers of legal literature as one of the clearest and most stimulating of juristic writers. He was a great jurist because he was more than a jurist; he was a man. Mr. Leslie Stephen's personality is perhaps less striking than that of his brother; but if his mind works less instinctively, his conclusions have the added value which comes from reasoned judgments. Not only does his keen insight enable him to get at the substantial truth of a matter, but his breadth of culture also enables him to understand why others have failed to reach this goal, and he can point out the path for them to take. To use one of his own happy phrases, he has "a capacity for answering (his) opponent by explaining him." This is another way of saying that he sees that every question has more than one side—I do not say *two* sides, for Mr. Stephen is large-minded enough to see that most matters of dispute are not so much *disk-like*, having but two faces, as *spherical*, with an infinite number of faces.

Most of the addresses here published were delivered before the ethical societies of London, and many of them have been published separately in English periodicals and in the "International Journal of Ethics." That on "Science and Politics" was delivered to the Social and Political Education League during Mr. Stephen's presidency. It may here be noted that while a cursory reading of the essay just mentioned might lead one to think that, because Mr. Stephen criticises much that has been proposed in the way of political and social reform, he is one who would have us stand aside and wait for fate, an attentive perusal shows that he is far from entertaining such a notion. As he well says, "to point out the method and to admit that it is laborious is not to discourage aspiration but to look facts in the face; not to preach abandonment of enthusiasm, but to urge that enthusiasm should be systematic, should lead men to study the conditions of success, and to make a bridge before they leap the gulf."

The essays in the first volume seem, as a rule, to be stronger than those in the second; and although there are occasional slips even in these, both in thought and in speech—slips which are the more notable because of the clearness and accuracy which generally characterize Mr. Stephen's work—they are on the whole the most admirable contemporary discussions of social ethics with which we are acquainted, and deserve the widest circulation.

An idea of the scope of these volumes will be given by the titles of some of the essays: "The Aim of Ethical Societies;" "Science and Politics;" "The Sphere of Political Economy;" "The Morality of Competition;" "Social Equality;" "Ethics and the Struggle for Existence" (this being Mr. Stephen's criticism of Prof. Huxley's notion of an antithesis between the ethical and the cosmic process); and "The Vanity of Philosophizing" (in which Mr. Balfour's "Foundations of Belief" is discussed).

As has been already intimated, the characteristic feature of these essays is breadth and sanity of view, a philosophic fairness, which is especially well brought out in the address on the "Morality of Competition." In this he shows the absurdity of the doctrine so widely preached by socialists, that competition is in itself evil, while at the same time he points out the falseness of their adversaries' claim, that any kind or degree of competition is necessarily good, and that socialists would destroy civilization by interfering with the action of competition. "When," he says, "it has occurred to me to say that to my mind the whole truth lies neither with the individualist nor with his antagonist, my friends have often assured me that I was illogical. Of two contradictory principles, they say, you must take one." He replies that his critics are "confusing the undeniable canon, that of two contradictory propositions one must be true, with the assumption that two propositions are really contradictory."

This is a distinction that the partisan generally fails to make; and, inasmuch as most men are partisans, we need not wonder that a person like Mr. Leslie Stephen is so often distrusted, if not disliked, by men of every shade of opinion, although he may really be doing more than anyone of them to bring about the recognition and enforcement of the elements of truth which give the strength to their respective contentions.

F. W. S.

¹ Social Rights and Duties: Addresses to Ethical Societies. By Leslie Stephens, 2 vols. (The Ethical Library). London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. New York: Macmillan & Co., 255 & 267 pp., \$3.00.

[For list of Books Received, see page 324.]

Protection and Prosperity. (BY GEO. B. CURTISS. PUBLISHED BY PAN AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK.)

Down underneath all other political questions is this one of tariff and protection; and it is even at the bottom of the currency question, for what is demanded by silver but protection? This large and well gotten up volume is of great value in presenting one side of the question. It is a curious fact that while protection has the political party and the voters free trade has had by all odds the bulk of the literature. The result is that protection has been compelled to say, Oh, you are well enough theoretically, but practically the only principle that works is a tariff against foreign interference with our home markets. Mr. Curtiss has here given a huge mass of protective literature. It is not at all necessary to believe his argument correct; the reader can at least use the facts furnished. He has made it a special aim to give a history of free trade and protection in foreign countries. He does not, however, bring out the great outline fact that the worst feature of the European struggle during the Napoleonic era was the commercial warfare—the efforts of nations to cripple each other's trade. Perhaps most thoughtful readers will have a qualm of disgust at a perusal of the speeches of our American statesmen on this subject—largely subterfuge and suppression of facts and in no way larger than partisanship. The introduction to Mr. Curtiss' book is a curious triplet produced by Messrs. McKinley, Morton and Reed. There are chapters on commerce of ancient nations, on the rise of the Italian cities, on the commercial progress of the Netherlands, on every phase of economic development of England down to the present time. The question most closely pursued by the author is the effect on England of her present free trade policy. This is shown to be ruinous. Yet we do not have explained to us the last budget of the English government, which shows an overflowing treasury and finances in better shape than ever before perhaps in English history. However, all sorts of believers will find the book of very great use if they undertake to really study the question. The trouble in politics is the same as in religion—too many believers and too few students.

E. P. P.

Dolly Madison. (BY MAUD WILDER GOODWIN. CHARLES SCRIBNER SONS, NEW YORK: \$1.25.)

I have looked through this book and find it simply packed with history; not a mere bit of biographical sketching, but a genuine book,—and most delightful. If the rest of the series of "Women of Colonial and Revolutionary Times" prove to be as good as this it will be a welcome series. The field is fresh and fertile. There are few pictures in history like the love of Madison and Jefferson and Adams. The neighborliness of the two former and their visitings form a charming chapter of this volume; and how they entertained each other, and how they were eaten out of house and home by entertaining all the world. And Monroe, too, was not far off—poor also. All these genuine lives were starved out in the service of their country. What a contrast to these days, when bounty jumpers and deserters are pensioned for distinguished patriotism. So rich are we.

E. P. P.

Tom Grogan. (BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH. PUBLISHED BY HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.)

This is the best piece of work done by one of the best novelists of our times. It is strong, firm, well outlined, and filled in without a line of superfluous stuffing. Tom is a woman and a real woman in every instinct; although doing the work of a man. It is a story of a woman of the working class successfully competing with contractors and securing jobs that enable her to support her family. The speech of Justice Rowan is equal to anything in Dickens and the scene in the court room is not surpassed in novel writing for pathos and manly (womanly) strength. Tom Grogan will be one of the novels to live. It goes with Colonel Carter of Cartersville to make a brace of stories for the most select library.

E. P. P.

Letters of John Adams and His Wife. (BY CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.)

History is the present hobby of America. We have just waked up to the fact that we have a lot of history. And the best part of our history we have stored away in the letters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. This nineteenth century, unfortunately for history, is not a letter writing era. We have no time for correspondence—beyond a ten line scrawl. The letters of Jefferson and of John Adams are not only historically of great value, but are delicious life pictures. This book of letters by John Adams and his wife is not new, but I call attention to it

purely as a literary delight to those who are tired of "recent" books and wish for something positively good. It is a pity we have not some way of preventing the best books from being crowded off the stalls by new rubbish, only because new.

E. P. P.

Notes and Comment.

Mr. Henry B. Fuller's "The Puppet Booth" has just been brought out in London by John Lane. Mr. Fuller's admirers in America await with much anxiety the discussion that his book is bound to provoke in England. That doughty warrior, Sir Walter Besant, who stands sponsor for both Mr. Fuller and Chicago, will need to get his armor in order at once.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. announce for immediate publication, "Yekl, a Tale of the New York Ghetto," by A. Cahan; "Familiar Trees and Their Leaves," written and illustrated by F. Schuyler Mathews; "Dr. Nikola," by Guy Boothby; and "An Outcast of the Islands," by Joseph Conrad.

Readers of THE NEW UNITY will be glad to know that Way & Williams have in course of preparation a volume of selected addresses delivered by the Hon. Geo. R. Peck. The same house will issue during the fall a volume of Chicago slum stories, written by a young man who knows the tenement district of his native city as well as James L. Ford knows that portion of New York City lying below the barbed wire fence.

The following beautiful sonnet was addressed by Eugene Lee-Hamilton to the author of *The Lamp of Gold*:

TO FLORENCE SNOW.

For the Fly-Leaf of a Book of Sonnets.

I send these berries which in sweet woods grew;
Small crimson crans, on which has slept the deer;
Spiked red-dropt butcher's broom, the barefoot's fear;
Blueberries of the whortle wet with dew;
And gummy berries of the tragic yew,
With mistletoe,—each bead a waxen tear;
And ripe blue sloes that mark a frosty year;
And hips and haws, from the lanes that Keats once knew.
I know not if the berries of the West
Are such as those of Europe; but I know
That Kansas breeds a flower, which, unguessed,
Can climb up prison walls, and gently grow
Through prison bars where suffering has its nest,
And where the wingless hours crawl sad and slow.

A London bookseller has recently secured a lot of Shakespeare relics which he is anxious to dispose of in America. Among the items offered are "an old iron lock (7½ in. by 5 in.) taken from the door of Shakespeare's birth-chamber." This item is well preserved, and the modest price of six guineas asked therefor. Twenty guineas is the price asked for "two pieces of an old oak chair," one, the front rail, 18 inches long, the other, a front leg, 15¼ inches long. This price also includes a certificate of pedigree of the said chair. The English bookseller's catalogue tells us that "the leg of the chair shows evidences of enthusiastic admirers having taken off small chips here and there as mementoes." Other items of interest are a walking stick, 25 inches long, cut from Shakespeare's Crab Tree, four guineas; an old oak seat, four guineas; a small iron grate taken from one of the rooms of Shakespeare's birthplace, twisted iron bars, 11 inches wide, 5¼ inches high, and ¾ inch from front to back, five guineas. There are several other pieces of old oak, carved and otherwise, ranging in price from seven shillings and six pence to three guineas. These relics come from a sale of the effects of Thomas Hornby, Esquire (late of King's Thorpe, a grandson of Widow Hornby), into whose possession they came on his grandmother's death. The bookseller writes, "The importance of these relics cannot be over estimated, their perfect pedigree being unquestioned, and there being no possibility

of securing others, since the birthplace of Shakespeare, his later residence, 'New Place,' and his wife's birthplace (Anne Hathaway's Cottage) have passed into the hands of the municipal authorities of Stratford-on-Avon." In this connection we should mention that the late Eugene Field, once writing a note to his cashier, asking for an advance of \$5.00 to liquidate a bill from his dentist, inclosed as evidence of good faith, some of the blood and a piece of the tooth. We understand that the serelics of the late poet have recently passed into the possession of a curio-hunter at Evanston, Ill., and to him we commend the Shakespeare relics offered by J. & M. L. Tregaskis, Caxton Head, 232, High Holborn, London, W. C., England.

Francis A. Walker is in the June *Atlantic* as an advocate for restricted immigration. He believes we have reached the limit of the assimilative possibility, and are now swallowing an indigestible mass that poisons the whole body politic. His complaint is not a new one—indeed, is a very old one. It may, however, for all that be a valid one. He urges "that all the good the United States could do by offering indiscriminate hospitality to a few millions more of European peasants, whose places at home will within another generation be filled by others as miserable as themselves, would not compensate for any permanent injury to our republic." I believe this is overdrawn; and so with the whole argument. For once I can quote Talmage with approval. He says with admirable point, "Our Congress and our political conventions ought to adopt a plan of intelligent helpfulness for the great foreign populations which are coming to us. It is too late now to discuss whether we had better let them come. They are here, and they will continue to come so long as this country is the best place to live in. You might as well pass a law prohibiting summer bees from alighting on a field of blossoming buckwheat; you might as well prohibit the stags of the mountain from coming down to the deerlicks, as to prohibit the hunger-bitten nations of Europe from coming to the land of bread. Just so long as the centrifugal force of foreign despotisms throws off, just so long will the centripetal force of American institutions draw them here. The American of a hundred years from now is to be different from the American of to-day—German brain, Irish wit, French civility, Scotch firmness, English loyalty, Italian esthetics packed into one man—and he an American. But what are we doing to introduce them into the duties of good citizenship? Many of them never saw a ballot box. Many of them never heard of the constitution of the United States. Many of them have no acquaintance with our laws. Now, I say, let the government of the United States, so commanded by one political party or both political parties, give to every immigrant who lands here a volume in good type and well bound for long usage,—a volume containing the Declaration of Independence, the constitution of the United States, and a chapter on the spirit of our government. Let there be such a book on the shelf of every free library in America. While the American Bible Society puts into the right hand of every immigrant a copy of the Holy Scriptures, let the government of the United States, commanded by some political party, put into the left hand of every immigrant a volume instructing him in the duties of good citizenship. There are thousands of foreigners in this land who need to learn that the ballot-box is not a foot-stool, but a throne,—not something to put your foot on, but something to bow before." Well done for Dr. Talmadge. That is good politics and good religion in one.

The *American Magazine of Civics* has been giving a good percentage of clearly-written and well-argued articles on the currency question. It does not give its columns, like the *Arena*, to viciously partisan views, and harrowing attacks on gold bugs and capitalists, but fairly undertakes to present facts and philosophy. There are in the June number several articles of special value. H. H. Trimble writes on "National Currency and Hard Times." He helps to explode the idea that we can get rid of hard times by an unlimited supply of money. The real point is to have that with which to secure money. Keep up your credit and you can get what you want. You must have a government with a good credit. Sustain public confidence. The chief trouble for several years has been unsettled legislation. No one can tell just what political parties in Congress will do. The *American Magazine of Civics* is helpful to the popular thinker and reader.

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The Liberal Field.

*"The World is my Country; To do
good is my Religion."*

EDUCATIONAL.—The University of Edinburgh has received a bequest of \$100,000 from the late Earl of Moray as an endowment fund for the promotion of original research.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.—The Catholic Citizen reports that the damage done to Catholic church buildings and those belonging to religious communities by the tornado in St. Louis is very great. * * * Rev. Thomas McLaughlin, of the Church of the Transfiguration, New York, on his return from Europe was given a hearty reception by others beside his own parishioners. His church is in the heart of the Chinese quarter and he has so endeared himself to the Celestials by his kindness to them when in sickness or trouble that they asked to be allowed to take part in the welcome. Molt street was illuminated with Chinese lanterns, houses and stores were in festive attire and Christians and pagans joined heartily in the celebration.

ST. PAUL.—Unity Church has closed for its customary two months' vacation. We are all such creatures of habit that the vacation follows, as a matter of course, the annual picnic—which occurred at Lake Park, Minnetonka, on Wednesday, the 27th. In spite of lowering clouds, which fulfilled their promise, there was a fair attendance. The Liberal churches of Minneapolis also joined, making the first Union Liberal picnic for the Twin Cities.

ORTHODOX HELPERS.—The American Chapel of LEIPSIK is in need of funds. It is the home of the American students studying there. Rev. David J. Edwards is pastor. He is a friend to the lonely in foreign lands and should be sustained. * * * The Bishop of DERRY, recently elected to be Archbishop of ARMAGH, is an English Episcopalian in a delicate situation, but he is said to be a man of great eloquence, and the Irish are susceptible.

JEWISH.—Although anti-Semitic agitations are growing more violent in Vienna, there are hopeful signs elsewhere that the twelfth hour of anti-Semitism has struck. Emperor William of Germany publicly denounced the ex-Court Chaplain Stoecker and condemned his policy. The Czar of

Russia received a delegate of Rabbis at his coronation and Prof. Lagarus of Berlin, the eminent psychologist, was elected corresponding member of the philosophical faculty of St. Petersburg, the first foreigner to receive this honor in Russia. * * * Madame Ashkenasi of Odessa, Russia, celebrated the marriage of her daughter by distributing 40,000 rubles among the poor on the wedding day. * * * In reference to the resolution of the Western Unitarian Conference to send two delegates to the Rabbinical Conference to be held at Milwaukee July 7, the American Israelite writes: "We have no doubt that Secretary Gould and Mr. Secrist will be most warmly welcomed by the conference and will be able to carry back from it a message of brotherly love to the body they represent." * * * The fourth biennial meeting of the Jewish Publication Society of America, held at Philadelphia last week, reported a membership of 3,218, a permanent fund of \$16,550, and the distribution in ten years of 75,000 volumes. The last publication "Studies in Judaism," by S. Schechter, of the University of Cambridge, is an eminent work. A new translation of the Bible is in preparation.

UNITARIAN.—Away out in Spokane, Washington, the work under Rev. O. J. Fairfield is reported in a very prosperous condition. The city has reached thirty thousand inhabitants, is growing rapidly. The mines in the region, particularly across the international line, are opening out beyond expectation. The society is feeling the lift. At the recent annual dinner one hundred people sat down to the tables and discussed their interests morally and spiritually. * * * The recent annual meeting of the Unitarian Church of DETROIT, was of a hopeful character. The church is free from debt and occupies an influential position in the city. Mrs. Frances Bagley Brown was re-elected to the position of superintendent of the Sunday school; John N. Bagley, Fred N. Holt, Hon. Thomas W. Palmer were re-elected as trustees. Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells of BOSTON was present and addressed the meeting.

UNIVERSALIST.—The reports from the SOUTH are encouraging. Dr. Shinn has been recalled to KNOXVILLE for the third time, and the large hall was too small to contain the audience that gathered to hear him. Within a year there will probably be a church. The same story comes from LITTLE ROCK, MOBILE, BREWTON and PEN-

Books Received.

JOHN B. ALDEN, NEW YORK.

Alden's Living Topics Cyclopedia. A record of recent events and of the world's progress in all departments of knowledge. Cloth, \$1.

THE CENTRAL CONFERENCE PUBLICATION COMMITTEE, CHICAGO.

Sermons by American Rabbis. Edited and published under the auspices of the Central Conference of American Rabbis. Cloth, 370 pages.

PHILIP GREEN, ESSEX ST. LONDON.

Immortal Life. By Christopher J. Street. Cloth, 141 pages.

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK.

Jewish Ideals and Other Essays. By Joseph Jacobs. Cloth, \$2.50.

The Friendship of Nature. By Mabel Osgood Wright. New edition. Cloth.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK.

The Broken Ring. A Romance. By Elizabeth Knight Tompkins. Cloth, 277 pages, \$1.

A. C. McClurg & Co.

America & Europe. A Study of International Relations. Cloth, 128 pages, 75 cents.

A. C. McClurg & Co.

A Venetian June. By Anna Fuller. Cloth, 315 pages, \$1.

A. C. McClurg & Co.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION, LONDON.

Book of Beginnings or Stories from Genesis and How to Teach Them. By Marian Pritchard. Cloth, 133 pages, two shillings.

SACOLA are moving forward. * * * The forty-ninth annual meeting of the Wisconsin Universalist Convention will be held at RACINE, June 22-25, 1896. The sermon will be by Rev. F. F. Eddy of NEENAH. Full program can be obtained of Rev. A. C. Grier, secretary, RACINE, WIS.

WISCONSIN.—Though Unity Society of RICHLAND CENTER, WIS., did not this year, as heretofore, receive aid from the A. U. A., it rallied bravely to the work and voted to continue its services for the ensuing year. The opposition to the liberal movement is still very bitter among the orthodox brethren, who are, here, as everywhere greatly in evidence. As an illustration: It is here customary to have the baccalaureate sermon preached in the Presbyterian Church, that being the largest church in the place, and the distinction of delivering the sermon has been (with the approval of the graduating class) conferred successively upon the several resident pastors, with the exception of the pastor of the Unity Church. This year the graduating class was divided in their preference, four desiring the Unity pastor and four the Methodist, when the trustees of the Presbyterian Church kindly (?) settled the difficulty by refusing their church for the baccalaureate services if the pastor of Unity Church was selected to officiate. And this is one of the many ways in which it has been made patent to the little band of liberal workers here that the spirit of the parliament of religions has not penetrated as yet to the woods of Wisconsin.

PROCTOR ACADEMY.—The adjourned annual meeting of the Unitarian Educational Society was held at the parlor of the Unitarian Church, CONCORD, N. H., June 22. The usual reports were made and the following officers elected for the ensuing year: J. C. A. Hill, president; C. C. Danforth, vice-president; C. E. Carr, clerk and auditor; R. P. Carr (Andover, N. H.), treasurer; Rev. Lyman Clark, financial agent; and J. C. A. Hill, Rev. S. C. Beane, J. W. Fellows, Dr. H. A. Weymouth, W. S. Carr, Rev. F. L. Phalen and George W. Stone, Andover, N. H., executive committee of the board of trustees. Members of the board of trustees, not on the executive committee, are Solomon Spaulding, Solon A. Carter, Miss Mary A. Downing, Rev. D. M. Wilson, Rev. J. B. Morrison, Rev.

Lyman Clark, W. S. Quimby, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Fellows and Mrs. Carrie Carr.

The annual exercises of Proctor Academy, which is maintained by the society, having taken place June 5, it is found that two members of the school for the past year will take final examinations for Harvard College and two will seek admission to the Meadville Theological School. During fifteen years of the school, under the present management, its pupils have taken subsequent studies at Harvard and Dartmouth Colleges, the Harvard Divinity School, New Hampshire and Massachusetts Agricultural Colleges, the Leland Stanford Jr. University, University of California, Boston University Law School, New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, Normal Schools at Plymouth, N. H., Salem, Bridgewater and Worcester, Mass., and a New York Normal School.

CINCINNATI.—Messrs. Ernst and Carl August Voss, graduates of this summer's class of Meadville, were ordained to the ministry on Sunday evening, June 28, in the church of the German Evangelical Protestants of Cincinnati, of which their father, Rev. Edward Voss, has been minister for many years. Some of these Evangelical Protestant churches, of which there are several in Cincinnati and vicinity, are affiliated in theology to the Unitarian body, and for this reason the two Unitarian pastors, Messrs. George A. Thayer and George R. Gebauer, and the Universalist, U. S. Milburn, were invited to contribute the English speaking portion of the ordaining service. The symbolisms of the past are dear to these worshippers, although with new meanings, and after the father of the candidates, in tender and loving words full of a justifiable paternal pride, had consecrated his sons to their chosen office, Mr. Thayer was requested to present them with a Bible, which he said was the great charter of Protestant freedom as well as the volume of sacred oracles which keeps the living church in touch with Christendom's worship of past centuries; and Rev. Gilbert Schmidt presented the communion cup and plate with brief exhortation to share with others the enduring bread and wine. Then the young men each preached a fifteen minute sermon, showing what good promise of pulpit power was in them. The congregational singing of German chorals was a delight to those of us who are accustomed to less unanimity of voice from English speaking assemblies.

THE WIDENING CONGRESS CIRCLE.—All Souls, the people's church of JANESVILLE, is glad to report a hopeful outlook. The actual value of the work that is being done now can be determined only by time. "The day after to-morrow," or the day after that will prove the wisdom or unwisdom of our present method and leadership. * * * Our JANESVILLE free movement will not die childless. Under Pastor Southworth's guidance two strong and promising movements have been begun; one at MILTON, eight miles away, and one at EVANSVILLE, eighteen miles away. The prospects are that in time our home society will be encircled with a belt of free religious movements in the smaller cities around us. Mr. Southworth spoke last Sunday in MILTON to over 300 people on "Why I Believe in the Divinity of the Man Jesus." Our work at EVANSVILLE is carried on in the City Hall and the audiences average more than a hundred. The society will be known as "The People's Free Religious Society of Evansville." They have preaching every other Sunday at 4 o'clock, and all the churches are invited to participate in the work. Mr. Southworth's last sermon there was on "The Gospel of Jesus Stated in Plain Words."

ST. LOUIS.—May be the next large city to experience a campaign for municipal re-

form. A recent meeting of 800 earnest citizens requested the civic federation to call in conference representatives of the various prominent social, educational, philanthropic, business, and labor organizations of the city, "to originate, if practicable, a non-partisan, non-political, and non-sectarian movement, in which all good citizens can unite to secure an honest, efficient, and economical administration of city affairs." The conference will be held within fifteen days. The present plan is to appoint a campaign committee of one hundred.—*The Civil Service Chronicle*.

Hunter-Larson.

MARRIED.—On Saturday, June 22, 1896, in Sheffield, Ill., by Rev. Chester Covel of Buda, Miss Rose H. Larson of Salt Lake City, and Rev. Stanley M. Hunter of Sheffield, Ill. No cards.

Old and New.

"What shall you do this summer?"

"Nothing!" I stanchly said;

"Neither books, nor Chautauqua, nor Concord,
Shall claim my tired head.

"I shall lie at length in the sunlight
And count the pine-tree plumes,
And fill my senses with silence,
And the odor of clover blooms.

"I shall stand and stare, like the cattle,
At the rim of the Earth and Sky,
Or sit in the lengthening shadows,
And see the sweet days die.

"I shall watch the leaping squirrels,
And the patient creeping ants,
And learn the ways of wee wood-folk
In their unmolested haunts.

"And perchance, in the hush that follows
The struggle to be wise,
Some Truth which was coy before time,
May take me by surprise!"

—Henrietta R. Eliot.

There is still existing a manuscript letter written by Sir Thomas More to his wife, Alyce, when the news came to him that his great mansion at Chelsea, with its offices and huge granaries, had been almost destroyed by fire.

Instead of lamenting over his loss, he bids her first "find out if any poor neighbors had stored their corn in the granaries," and if so, to recompense them. Secondly, to discharge no servant until he have another abiding place; and lastly, to "be of good cheere, and take all the hows-old with you to church, and there thank God for what Hee hath given us, and what Hee hath left us."

He urges her, "I pray you, Alyce, with my children, to be merry in God."

Most of us, if we had lost property and home in a night, would think we did well if we were patient under God's will; but to be cheerful, and even "merry" in Him, is an almost forgotten grace.

Robert Louis Stevenson, in a prayer written for his family on the night before his death, asked that when the day returned it should find them strong to endure, if it brought sorrow, and eager to be happy if happiness were their portion.

"Why," asked a Hindu sage, "why are the Christians melancholy men? If I believed as they say, that the great God was my Father and that His Son was my Elder Brother, I should not groan though I lost a few bushels of wheat, or even an eye. I should be of all men most happy and gay. They do not believe what they say."

David, whose life was full of struggles and griefs and sins, taught the world its hymns, full of a mighty, joyous thanksgiving.

Paul in prison, knowing that death in its most painful shape might be near, could

exhort his friends not only to be patient, but to "rejoice in the Lord alway. And again I say," he adds, urgently, "Rejoice."

Most men will laugh when they are well-fed and their lives are comfortable, but it is a different thing to sing in prison, or when one's home is burning to find time to be kind to the poor and "merry in God," like old Sir Thomas More.—*The Youth's Companion*.

A Letter of Robert Browning's.

15, Cranley Place, S. W.

Looking over old letters—that via dolorosa which leads one through death and loss—I have lighted on the enclosed. It is in reply to some remonstrance I had ventured to make on the quantity which Browning somewhere assigned to the word "metamorphosis," the penultimate syllable of which is long in Greek.

F. T. Palgrave.

April 1, '69.

19, Warwick Crescent, Upper Westbourne Terrace, W.

Dear Palgrave—....Yes,....metamorphosis, the right way when we can,—but when can we,—without even more of clumsiness than is attributed usually to me by those nicely-eared, my critics,—in serious, heroic measure? Is it not naturalized, a long while ago, like "encyclopedia," and a heap of other words of which the corruption has use enough to reconcile one to it? Taking the word by itself I would treat it as you wish,—but if it needs an article or short monosyllable prefixed, you get, to my sense, four short syllables in succession,—the fourth being inevitably pulled up with the others—as
The metamor | phosis | sung by | Ovid | once—though

"Ovid who once metamorphosis sang," would be passable; and in a burlesque with metre to match, you might preferably write,

'Twas Goethe taught us all,
By diagnosis,
That changes in plants we call
Metamorphosis!

But I bear this brotherly blow the better that, only the other day, a Balliol man looked unutterable things as I said something about Mrs. Sartoris, and assisted me by enquiring "If Mrs. Sartoris was not once Fanny Kemble's sister?" "Acted at the same theater," I was minded to reply. But my time is up, so, enough of the verba "quæ versu dicere non est," and never enough of good will to you from
Yours unirritatedly R. B.
—*Athenæum*, Jan. 11, 1896.

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YOU

have been sick and are just beginning to get well. Cannot eat much, no appetite, stomach weak—don't know what to take. Know you need a tonic. Wish there was a liquid food, full of vim, vigor, vitality. Would take it if you had it!

PABST MALT EXTRACT

The Best Tonic

is just that Liquid Food—made of pure malt and hops, filled with every element of life, perfectly digestible, pleasantly palatable, gives strength, courage, health. At Druggists.

WONDERLAND '96.

Is the name of the Northern Pacific's new tourist book for 1896. The cover design will prove a happy surprise to lovers of the artistic, and its illustrations will be fully up to the standard of its predecessors. One of its principal characters recounts a hunt after the well known, yet rare, Rocky Mountain or White Goat, made by the author in September, 1895, in the defiles of the Bitter Root Range. One at all inclined to big game hunting will want to read about that hunt. An account of a trip through Yellowstone Park on horseback will also prove interesting. Six cents in stamps sent to Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn., will secure the book.

Here's a Little Nut to Crack

JUST A GRAIN OF WHEAT, it is full of nourishment, the kind



you need and of the right sort.

With the exception of the irritating husk, it is ground into

Fine Flour

by the Franklin Mills. A little off white because all the nutritive elements are retained—therein is its goodness, i. e., food.

If you can't get this brain, bone, nerve and muscle-making flour from your grocer, send us his name with your order, and we will see that you are supplied.

See that the Flour ordered bears our label; avoid substitutes.

MADE ONLY BY THE

Franklin Mills Co., Lockport, N. Y.

Ice Cream Made by a New Process.

I have an ice cream freezer that will freeze cream instantly. The cream is put into the freezer and comes out instantly, smooth and perfectly frozen. This astonishes people and a crowd will gather to see the freezer in operation and they will all want to try the cream. You can sell cream as fast as it can be made, and sell freezers to many of them who would not buy an old style freezer. It is really a curiosity and you can sell from \$5 to \$8 worth of cream and six to twelve freezers every day. This makes a good profit these hard times and is a pleasant employment. W. H. Baird & Co., 140 S. Highland Ave., Station A, Pittsburg, Pa., will send full particulars and information in regard to this new invention on application and will employ good salesmen on salary.

Dr. Breasted, of the department of Egyptology, University of Chicago, has received a letter from W. F. Petrie, the Egyptian explorer, announcing the discovery by the latter of a large basaltic tablet, on which, for the first time in Egyptian archaeology, appears the name "Ysiraal." It is an extract from the annals of King Merenptah, who is supposed to be the son of Rameses II, and reigned about the fourteenth century B. C. The last paragraph of the inscription contains these words: "The people, Ysiraal, is spoiled; it hath no need." Several conclusions may be drawn from these words, one of which being the overturning of the commonly accepted theory, that the exodus took place after the reign of Merenptah. If this inscription is authentic, the exodus must have taken place during his reign. The Egyptian Government immediately took charge of the tablet and have placed it in the Gizeh Museum.

A clergyman, even of the best temper, is put into a rather trying situation when a deputation of his flock request him not to preach such long sermons. A Blackburn rector was approached last week by one of the church wardens with a serious plea to this effect. Several of the congregation had, it seems, fainted recently on Sunday evening, and the church wardens, who had the responsibility of carrying them out, were anxious about what might happen in the hot weather.

A Superbly Appointed Train.

Undoubtedly the handsomest train between Chicago and St. Paul, Minneapolis, the Superiors and Duluth is the "North-Western Limited," which leaves Chicago at 6:30 p. m. daily via the North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western R'y). Its equipment, which is entirely new throughout, and embraces Compartment Sleeping Cars, Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, standard Sleeping Cars, Dining Cars and ladies' coaches, has every luxury which imagination can conceive or mind invent for the comfort and convenience of passengers. All agents sell tickets via the Chicago & North-Western R'y. For full information address W. B. Kniskern, G. P. and T. A., Chicago, Ill.

Divided.

I cannot reach thee, we are far, so far
Apart who are so dear! Love, be it so;
Else we might press so close we should not grow.

One doth deny even this so sweet a bar
For fear our souls' true shape should suffer mar.

Ah, surface-sundered, yet we do not know
A hidden union in the deeps below?
An intertwining where the strong roots are?
Wise husbandmen plant trees, Sweetheart,

—a space
Between the trees; but after, soon or late,
High in the sunny air their spreading boughs
Reach forth and meet. In some celestial place.

When thou and I are tall and fair and straight,
We shall clasp hands again,—if God allows.

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